

## A MONARCH'S DAUGHTER.

[From Helma.]  
Of this daughter of a monarch dream I fondly as I go;  
She has tresses like the night-clouds, and her cheeks are white as snow;  
Sat we often 'neath the Linden in the moon's discreet eclipse,  
Souls a-bounding—heart's ecstasies at the marriage of the lips.  
"Crown or scepter thy father craves I not, nor gaudy throne;  
But to win thee, and to wed thee, and to make thee all mine own!"  
"What thou dreamst cannot happen, for I'm numbered 'mong the dead,  
And 'tis only in the midnight I can love thee, hard," she said.

## THE PARTNER OF RALSTON.

His Success as a Railroad Builder in South America.  
[Cor. Philadelphia Press.]

According to one of the monuments of the spirit of American energy and enterprise, albeit embodied in a man of doubtful reputation, is the railroad that connects Mollendo, a port of Peru, with Lake Titicaca. This lake is the highest body of water in the world, lying in a great basin between two ranges of the Cordilleras, 15,000 feet above the sea.

On the bosom of this wonderful lake is the island—the Eden of the western world—where tradition says Manco Capac and Mama Capac, the Adam and Eve of the Inca race, were born. From this little garden sprang a race that has never been surpassed in industry and will always furnish the most interesting topic of study to antiquarians and philosophers have ever known. Here are the magnificent temples and palaces which Prescott describes with such a vivid pen and which Pizarro stripped of their treasures.

The man who built the railroad was Harry Meigs, the partner of Ralston, the California banker, who drowned himself in the Golden Gate; the friend of Flood, O'Brien, Mackay, Sharon, and one of the princes of the golden era of '49. Bret Harte has written of him, and Mark Twain has used him as a text. He committed forgery in San Francisco years ago, and when his crime was discovered, took a boat and rowed out into the bay, as Ralston did twenty years afterward, but, instead of jumping overboard, he climbed upon the deck of a schooner purchased her, and sailed away from the scene of his remarkable career.

He went to Chili first, and then came to Peru, bringing much of his wealth and all of his irresistible energy which he applied to the difficulties that had staggered this country, and overcame them. From Ecuador to Patagonia, through Peru, Bolivia and Chili, his enterprise extended, and the result is a series of railroads at right angles with the coast, connecting the interior of the country with the seaports, and giving the estates and the mines in the mountains, the sugar haciendas and the nitrate beds, easy outlets to the ocean. He sent back money to California, to reimburse those who had lost by his forgeries, with good interest, but remained there till he died, one of the richest, most influential and famous men on the coast.

## West India Sea Shells.

[New York Sun.]  
"Conch shells," said Thomas F. McCarthy, commonly called Tommy Shell, pointing to a pile of them lying under his awning at Burling slip and South street, "come from the bays and beaches of the West India islands. These prettiest ones are gathered at the Isle of June. The native beach-combers, who gather them, are called conchs. They find them near the shore, where the water is about four feet deep. They bring the shells to New York in their own vessels, using them to fill out a cargo of fruit. They arrive here only in May, June and July. There will be no more ships laden with conch shells in New York this season. The shells are worth 25 cents a pair, and are extensively used in decorating gardens and lawns. If they were cleaned and polished they would sell for a good deal more.

"Buttons and cameos used to be made from them, but now jewelers, with one exception that I know of, have discarded them, and they are not much sought after except for out door decorating purposes. A while ago there was a man in New York who bought them from me and made them into ornaments. He never took the common conch shell, but chose the king and queen variety, which were much handsomer and more cabinet-like in shape. He said the business didn't pay, and got out of it. Conch shells, I fear, will never be in vogue again for household decoration."

## Ordinary Knowledge.

[Dr. Manpassant.]  
"Have you taken your degree?" "No, I failed twice." "That makes no matter of difference since I fancy you studied something or other. Suppose somebody talked about Cicero or Tiberius. You know at least who they were?" "Oh, certainly, something or other." "Good, then, nobody knows more than you, with the exception of, say, twenty idiots whose sole business it is to understand that kind of thing. It is mere child's play to pass in this world for possessing knowledge, and the only point to be guarded against is to be caught in one's ignorance. It is so easy to manoeuvre, to twist and to turn round an obstacle, or to gain one's point by simply studying a dictionary. All mankind are as stupid as geese and as ignorant as fish."

## Our Cutlery Supply.

[Chicago Herald.]  
One-fourth of our cutlery supply comes from England, one-fourth from Germany, and the remaining half is made at home. A high authority predicts that in ten years' time four-fifths of the supply will be made here. Much is expected from some of the new steel processes now coming into use.

## The Edelweiss.

The edelweiss, that Alpine flower which has been the desire of tourists and the frequent cause of accidents, will no longer be the symbol of hardy adventure, since it now tamely grows in common garden earth mixed with a little lime.

## War on the Sharks.

A wealthy Cuban has fitted out a steam vessel for the sole purpose of catching sharks. His object is to make bloody war on the creatures, and he expects to kill at least 3,000 per year.

## HOME OF ROBINSON CRUSOE.

How It Looks To-Day—Where Defoe Got the Material for His Story.  
[Chili Cor. New York Sun.]

Across the harbor of Valparaiso is an island which possesses an interest for every one who has been a boy. Occasionally an excursion goes over there from this city, and the Englishmen, who constitute a large fraction of the population, with what few Americans there are, go over to spend a day or two, and renew their youth.

It is the island of Juan Fernandez, where Robinson Crusoe and his man Friday, "who kept things tidy," had the experience that had given the world of boys as much enjoyment as any that was ever written in a book. There was a Robinson Crusoe—there isn't a doubt of it, and there was a man Friday, too, and the island stands to-day exactly as it is described in the book; but the surprising adventures of Mr. Crusoe as therein related do not correspond exactly with the local traditions of the story. As the yarn goes here, a man of the name of Alexander Selkirk, who afterward called himself Selkirk, was put ashore by the commander of the Spanish ship Cinque Ports, as a punishment for mutiny.

This island was a favorite stopping place for vessels in the south seas, as it has good bridge timber, plenty of excellent water, abundance in fruits, goats, rabbits and other flesh for food, and the rocks on the coast are covered with lobsters, shrimps, and crayfish. It was a popular resort for buccanniers also, who ran into a well-protected harbor to repair damages and get provisions. Juan Fernandez, a famous Spanish navigator, discovered it in 1593, and the king of Spain gave him a patent to the island; but as he never occupied it his title lapsed. In 1709 the Scotchman, Selkirk, or Selkraig, became mutinous on board the Cinque Ports, and had to choose between being hung at the yard-arm or put ashore at Juan Fernandez alone. He took the latter alternative, and was left on the rocks with his sailor's kit and a small supply of provisions.

To his surprise, after he had been on the island a few days, he found a companion in an Indian from the Mosquito coast of Central America, who some years before had come down on the ship of the pirate Damphier, and, going ashore on a hunting expedition, had become lost and was abandoned by his comrades. This was the man Friday. Some years after Selkirk and the Indian were rescued by Capt. Rogers of an English merchant ship and taken to Southampton, where the Scotchman told his story to Daniel Defoe, and it got into print with some romantic exaggeration.

Great care has been taken to preserve the relics of Alexander Selkirk's stay upon the island, and his cave and huts remain just as he left them. In 1868 the officers of the British man-of-war Topaz erected a marble tablet to mark the famous lookout from which Mr. Crusoe, like the Ancient Mariner, used to watch for a sail, "and yet no sail from day to day."

## Faith Cures a Fallure in Africa.

[Exchange.]  
A correspondent of The Northwestern Christian Advocate, with Bishop Taylor's band of African missionaries, writes from Loanda of a test of the faith cure in their party:

"While we are writing some of the party are in bed with the fever. Two of the young men of the expedition held to the faith cure, and would not take quinine or any kind of medicine. The fever got hold of both of them. They resisted medicine and the importunities of their friends, and kept praying for healing. One of them finally yielded before he got very sick and consented to have the doctor. He is just recovering from a long and severe sickness, whereas, if he had taken the common-sense method of taking quinine in time, or had the doctor in the beginning, he might have had an easier time of it.

"The other brother did not ask for the doctor until he found he was dying. He was in a critical state when the doctor took him in hand. He had been for days delirious, and while we were writing is in that condition. It is very doubtful whether he recovers. He had as strong a constitution as any man in the company, and if he had taken proper treatment at the very first we believe he would have been on his feet long ago. We write this as a warning. Do not think you can come to this trying climate on the faith line and live. Quinine has opened Africa; it kills fever."

## The Darwin Statue.

[Olive Logan's Letter.]  
The statue of Darwin in the Natural History museum, London, is a grand piece of sculpture, the marble spotlessly white, the pose easy, the resemblance striking. The great theorist is depicted, in heroic size, seated in a large arm-chair, his legs crossed and a light overcoat thrown carelessly across his knees. The massive brow, the pensive eyes, the thoughtful lines above the lips, all betray the mask of boundless knowledge. In a glass case near by the Darwinian theory is shown at a single glance. The skeleton of a man and that of a monkey are suspended side by side.

## Labor and Intellect.

[John Ruskin.]  
We are always in these days trying to separate the two; we want one man to always be working, and we call one a gentleman and the other an operative; whereas the workman ought often to be thinking, and the thinker often to be working, and both should be gentlemen in the best sense. As it is we make both ungentle, the one envying, the other despising his brother, and the mass of society is made of morbid thinkers and miserable workers.

## The Druggist's "R."

[Detroit Free Press.]  
The letter "R," with a tall flourish, as employed by physicians in prescriptions, is the symbol of Jupiter, under whose special protection all medicines were placed. The letter itself (Recipe, take) and its flourish may be thus paraphrased: "Under the good auspices of Jove, the patron of medicines, take the following drugs in the proportions set down."

What is my opinion of temptation? The man who steps over the banana peel on the pavement won't slip on it.

## CHILDREN OF OUTCASTS.

The Most Painful Figure in the Crowded Life of a Large City.  
[Joe Howard in Philadelphia Press.]

As decent men, we can not look upon this great multitude of unhappy, deserted and degraded boys and girls without feeling our responsibility to God for them.

Thus far almshouses and prisons have done little to affect the evil. But a small part of the vagrant population can be shut up in our asylums, and judges and magistrates are reluctant that they hardly seem able to distinguish good and evil. The class increases. Immigration is pouring in its multitude of poor foreigners, who leave these young outcasts everywhere abandoned in our midst.

For the most part the boys grow up utterly by themselves. No one cares for them and they care for no one. Some live by begging, by petty pilfering, by bold robbery; some earn an honest support by peddling matches, or apples or newspapers; others gather bones and rags in the streets to sell. They sleep on steps, in cellars, in old barns and in markets, or they hire a bed in filthy and low lodging-houses. They can not read, they do not go to school or attend a church. Many of them have never seen the Bible. Every cunning faculty is in intensely stimulated. They are shrewd and old in vice, when other children are in leading-strings. Few influences which are kind and good ever reach the vagrant boy, and yet among themselves they show generous and honest traits. Kindness can always touch them.

The girls, too, often grow up even more pitiable and deserted. Till of late no one has ever cared for them. They are the crosswalk sweepers, the little apple peddlers and candy sellers of our city, or by more questionable means they earn their scanty bread. They traverse the low, vile streets alone, and live without mother or friends or any share in what we call a home. They grow up passionate, ungoverned, with no love or kindness even to soften the heart. We all know their short, wild life, and the sad end.

These boys and girls, it should be remembered, will soon form the great lower class of our city. They will influence elections; they may shape the policy of the city; they will, assuredly, if unreclaimed, poison society all around them. They will help to form the great multitude of robbers, thieves, vagrants and prostitutes who are now such a burden upon the law-respecting community. A large multitude of children live in the city who cannot be placed in asylums and yet who are uncared for, and ignorant and vagrant. They have no settled home and live on the outskirts of society, their hand against every man's pocket, and every man looking on them as natural enemies their wits sharpened like those of savages, and their principles often no better. Christianity rears its temples over them and civilization is carrying on its great work, while they, a happy race of little heathens and barbarians, plunder or frolic, or lead their roving life far beneath.

## Douglas Jerrold's Helplessness.

[Personal Traits.]  
He was the most helpless among men. He never brushed his hat; never opened a drawer to find a collar; never knew where he had put his stick. Everything must be to his hand. His toilet was performed usually with his back to the glass. It mattered not to him that his kerchief was awry. "Plain linen and country washing" he used to cite as a man need care for, in the matter of dress. He was, however, passionately fond of any kind of new preparation for shaving—of any newly invented stropper or razor. He had these things in immense quantities, and seldom tried each more than once. If a thing did not succeed in the first trial it was cast aside forever. Patent corkscrews, coffee-pots, watches, knives, and lamps delighted him.

If he saw something new he must have it instantly. Struck by a waistcoat in a shop-window, he must go in, try it on, and if it fit him, wear it on the spot, sending home that in which he left his house. One day he returned home with an instrument shaped like a horseshoe, within the magic circle of which were hooks to take stones from the quinine hoof, little saws, a gimlet, a corkscrew, a boot-hook, etc. And he carried this instrument about with him for some time, highly pleased with the skill the workman had exhibited in cramming so many utensils in so confined a space.

## The Faultless Blue Blood.

[Col. Higginson in Harper's Bazar.]  
I remember having a long talk a dozen years ago with an English lady, a thorough Liberal in politics, who stoutly maintained the absolute necessity of a hereditary aristocracy to keep up the standard of good manners. I counted over to her, one by one, the noblemen I had happened to meet—it did not take long—not one of whom I asserted, had what would be called in America good manners. In each case she admitted it, but found each case an exception. This one was a notorious oddity, and his father before him; that one was "a recent creation," the other was a "law lord." Cite whom I might, the real blue blood was never at fault. At last I said: "Can the stream rise above its source? I hear of very rude things as done by the royal princes." "Oh," she said, "they are not Englishmen; they are Germans!"

## Keep Out of Washington.

[New York Commercial Advertiser.]  
There is nothing like a good statistical table to overthrow preconceived notions. Ask anybody what state, territory, or other division of the country is the most unhealthy, as indicated by death rate, and the answer is pretty sure to be wrong. Nobody thinks of the District of Columbia as more pestilential in its climate and surroundings than South Carolina or Mississippi with their swamp miasma and epidemic fevers; and yet census tables just published show that the death rate is greater in the District of Columbia than in any state or territory in the Union.

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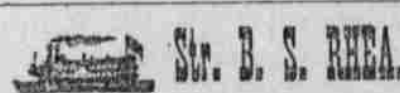
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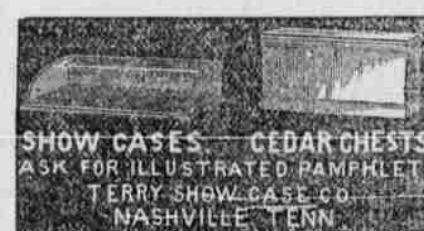
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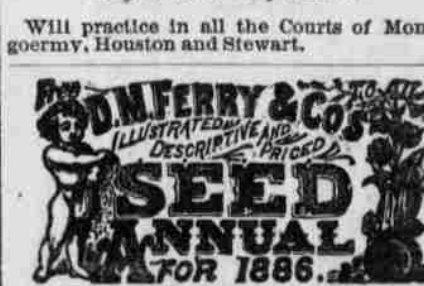
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